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# Ritual



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## Chapter 1 by Rachel Griffiths

The pounding of the drums, the masked figures are saying things, but I can't listen Finally the day of the ritual had come, the day after I decided I didn't want it, after I learned ... I won't be the same, the complete anarchy of this land I was born in aloud you to do whatever you wanted, but some people force people into cults, I couldn't escape the cult. They switch to the flute, the last instrument, when the people from outside, of these walls, the people who force anarchy on this land, crash the party. But was it too late? And if not, without the telekinesis can I even escape from the land of anarchy? My questions are soon answered when

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